

Children's Newspaper, January 21, 1928

Saving Mankind From the Sword
See the C.N. Monthly—My Magazine

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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A DROWNED CHURCH SEEN AGAIN

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PEACE HATH HER HEROES

DRAMA OF TWO SHIPS

The Men Who Proudly Died
to Save Their Fellows

FAME WON IN TONGA ISLANDS

There was a tendency during the war to suggest that the deeds of heroism of which we almost daily heard became possible only because men's spirits were fired to courage and sacrifice by patriotism and the fierce passions aroused by strife. How needless such a theory is we see from a dramatic tragedy which has just occurred in the Southern Pacific.

The British ship *Clan McWilliam* was lying at anchor at Vavau, Tonga Islands, when flames burst from her hold. The port authorities ordered the skipper, Captain Thompson, to remove the vessel. In vain the captain ordered his *Lascar* crew to return aboard and help him to get the ship under way.

A Desperate Position

The position was desperate, so the captain undertook the task himself, accompanied only by his chief engineer, a man named Jackson; but they had gone only a little distance when fire entirely enveloped and destroyed the ship. She sank, taking with her the two heroes who had thus sacrificed themselves to save life and property on shore.

We cannot read this story without bringing back to memory the tragic drama of the catastrophe which wrecked *Halifax*, Nova Scotia, during the war. There the French munition ship *Mont Blanc* collided with another ship in the harbour, exploding some of her cargo, and setting up such a fire and deadly possibilities as to drive her crew to take to their boats.

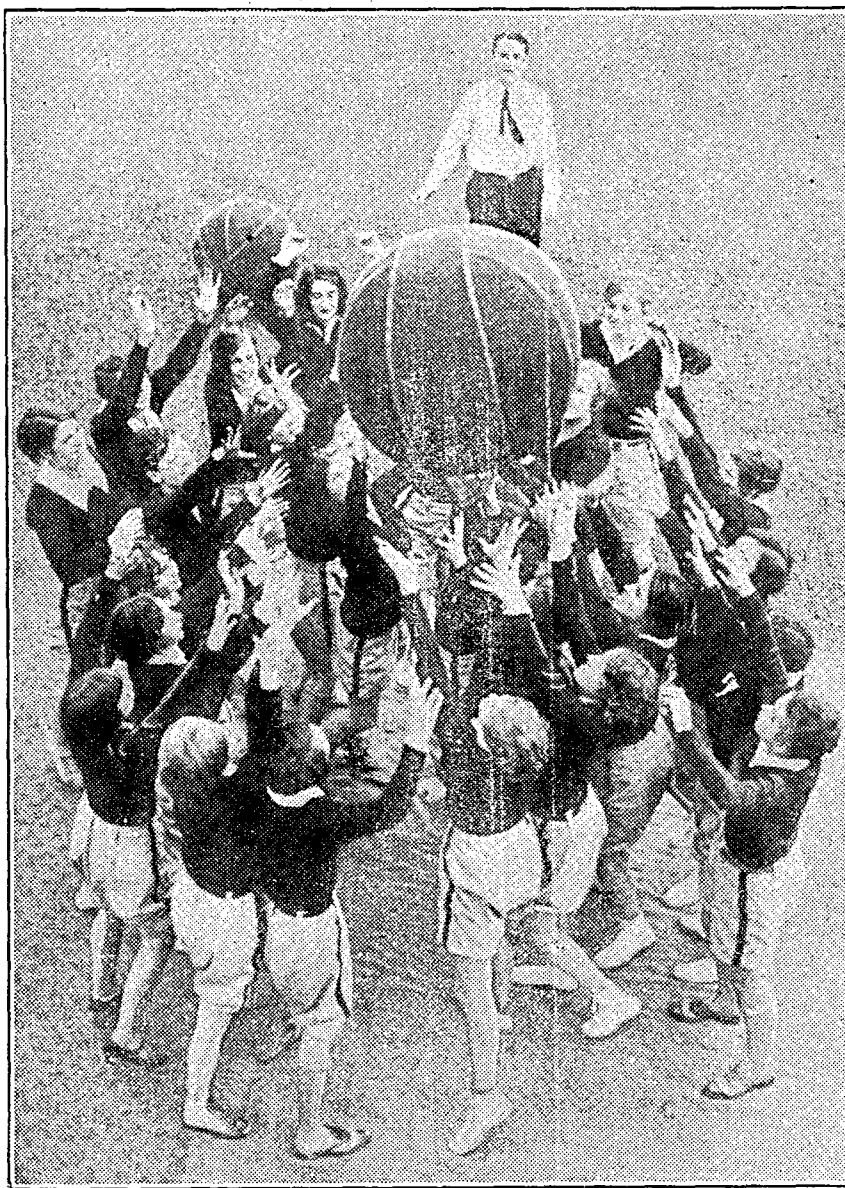
Like a floating volcano the *Mont Blanc* drifted toward H.M.S. *Niobe*, the naval harbour, and the magazine. On board the *Niobe* the captain, who was at the time having a wound dressed, called for volunteers to man a boat, row up to the *Mont Blanc*, grapple her, and tow her out of the course in which she was carrying death and disaster.

The Fate of the Mont Blanc

In an instant seven men stepped forward; another instant and they were rowing furiously toward the burning munition ship. Higher and higher rose the flames, faster and faster pulled the dauntless seven. Her hull was almost white-hot as they drew near in the pinnace, there was a deafening detonation, shaking the city and its harbour, and when the smoke cleared not a trace of the *Mont Blanc* remained. The pinnace was as if it had never been, and her gallant men had been blown to atoms.

The same grand courage which fired their ardour animated Thompson and Jackson of the *Clan McWilliam*. They looked death in the face, and in their overthrow they became immortal.

An Unconquered Team



Girls of the Scudder School, New York, are here seen at pushball practice. They are champions at the game, for their team has won every game it has played.

THE OLD LADY LOOKS AT HER STATUE

A travelling correspondent sends us this note on a unique war memorial in France.

FOUËSNANT CHURCH stands grim and impressive by the side of the village square in the midst of a smiling land of orchard and meadow and corn.

From six every Sunday morning the peasants of Brittany may be seen gathering in the square round the steps of the great stone cross opposite the church door, the men in their best beaver hats with huge polished buckles and their best black cloth coats heavily trimmed with velvet, the women in their Fouënant coiffes of spotless white muslin, with blue ribbon streamers, and the white collars which curve so gracefully over their black velvet shoulders.

I noticed especially an old woman with a more than usually weather-beaten face who glanced curiously at the war memorial to the left of the church door. Nearly 200 names carved in the dark grey granite of their native rocks give the measure of Fouënant's effort in the

Great War. Two hundred sons from the village and outlying farms, and in front of them, carved out of the same granite, her old head in its Breton bonnet bent sideways, her gnarled old hands clasped over the voluminous folds of her Breton skirt, an old Breton mother stands in an attitude of sombre resignation.

She is taken from life, and the still living model is the old woman with the weather-beaten face who glances curiously at her own statue as she goes to church to pray for her three sons, whose names are carved with the rest on the granite wall. *Picture on page 12*

HOW BIG IS A RAINDROP?

Two scientists have been busy at University College, Dublin, measuring the exact size of a raindrop. The diameters of three thousand raindrops were measured, and it was found that 312 average drops laid side by side would measure an inch. A few very big ones were ten times this size.

AN AWKWARD MOMENT IN THE CLOUDS

Snake Aboard

UNINVITED PASSENGER ON THE AUSTRALIAN FLIGHT

We have lived to see the day when a snake has made a voyage in the air!

We can imagine many things up in the sky, but not a snake, and it is so long since the days of flying serpents that we have got used to the idea of snakes staying firmly at home on the ground.

Why this one did not stay there we shall never know. Perhaps he was longing for the wings of a dove and thought he would start with the wings of an aeroplane! Be that as it may, he got successfully up into the sky.

He got there by way of an aeroplane called the *Red Rose*, which is on her way from Croydon to Australia with Captain Lancaster and Mrs. Keith Miller on board. The plane had done a good 82 days of the voyage and was flying across Burma. Some time after leaving Rangoon Captain Lancaster had an uncanny feeling that there was something creeping about. He watched, and saw a snake slither out from under Mrs. Miller's seat.

A Merciful End

For a moment amazement kept him still and dumb. A snake is not the kind of thing you like to catch hold of and pitch overboard, especially up in the clouds. Captain Lancaster did what he could. He stamped on it. But the wily snake was too much for him, and wriggled away.

A snake mixed up with the controls is the last thing a plane pilot likes to think about. The situation was becoming unpleasant when Mrs. Miller spied a spare lever she seized this and very coolly scotched the snake and killed it. It was a merciful end for the snake, for had it had its way and scotched the passengers of the *Red Rose* and then played with the controls it might have had a less kindly death.

After this no aeroplane pilot will ever set out from a country where snakes abound without first thoroughly examining his bus. For if there is one thing worse than a snake in the grass it is a snake in a plane cockpit.

EVERLASTING RUBBER

An important discovery has been made by which rubber can be protected from the destructive effects of the oxygen in the air. It is this oxygen which causes the decay of rubber goods.

A substance which has been called Neozone is now mixed with the rubber, and causes the goods made with it to last almost indefinitely.

The discovery has been made in one of the world's biggest laboratories (that of Du Pont de Nemours), and one of its most valuable applications will, of course, be to motor-car tyres.

SIX BOYS ON AN ICE-FLOE

CARRIED OUT TO SEA
A Thrilling Adventure Ends
Happily at Wilhelmshaven

TERRIBLE FATE AVERTED

Six schoolboys of Wilhelmshaven have taught the world a lesson, that ice in a harbour is a very dangerous playground.

The boys were playing on the ice in the big inlet above Wilhelmshaven. It was an amusing game, and they forgot all about time and tide, which creep up and go away and wait for no man. All they knew was that the days were short; very soon they would have to go indoors. They went a long way out.

The afternoon tide crept in, and the treacherous undercurrent began to tug at the ice. The floe could not resist the drag of the current, and presently broke off. One of the boys stopped and looked round. Surely their ice playground was moving!

Too Late to Jump

There was a pause in the game; then a shout. One of the boys had spied the crack between their bank of ice and the rest. Swiftly the crack widened and became a gulf. They ran to the edge. "Jump! Jump!" cried someone. But it was already too late to jump. The boys could only watch the dark stream of water grow wider.

They shouted again as the floe, gaining speed, its great hidden mass dragged at by the current, went sailing down the harbour. Before they knew where they were the ice-floe had passed the harbour mouth. The six were in the open bay. The ice playground had become an ice-ship, with no sails, no oars, no rudder, no helm.

Battleship's Search

Someone on shore heard their calls as the floe passed the harbour mouth. The news ran from house to house that the six boys were lost. There was no need to ask what might happen to them.

Darkness fell on the bay while mothers and fathers were straining their eyes to see the drifting ice-ship with its precious cargo; but in the meantime tugs were burning sky-rockets to attract the boys' attention and the battleship Schlesien stood out in the bay playing her searchlights from end to end, ceaselessly looking for that sad little group. Rescue parties went out in boats.

As the cold winter night settled down on the town a feeling of doom came to those who were searching. They could hear the boys endlessly crying and calling, but they could not see them. Where would they have drifted before the long night was over?

Found by the Searchlights

The battleship steamed about in the bay, going almost fearfully lest she should run down that little ice-floe in the dark. It was now two hours since the floe had slipped past the harbour mouth. Two more hours chimed out in the town; then suddenly there came a signal from the ship with the great lights. Her look-outs had spied the drifting floe.

The news rang along the harbour stones. People crowded to the shore to see the ship come in bringing three of the lost ones, and then, later, three more who had been reached by a small boat. There was joy in many a heart in Wilhelmshaven that night, mothers looking at their boys and not daring to think of what the dawn might have brought. The boys will forget a great deal, but they will never forget that last hour when they were almost too frozen to cry out or to cling to the ice. It seemed that it was God's eye which had found them when the searchlights at last caught and rested on their ice-ship.

THE CHURCH LOST IN THE SEA

A STRANGE PEEP AT THE OLD WORLD

What Low Tide Revealed to the Eyes of Walton-on-the-Naze

A GLIMPSE BENEATH THE WAVES

An ancient church buried three-quarters of a mile out at sea has peeped at the world again. It is the lost parish church of Walton-on-the-Naze, and it has a strange story.

The church was built a thousand years ago, a stout little Saxon building with thick walls and tiny windows. It stood on the seaboard, the centre of the life of a little town. Centuries passed over it. The church was repaired and patched, and altered its face with the changing periods.

All the time the sea was watching and coming a little nearer. The gulls cried round the spire, the tides rose higher, and the thunder of the waves nearly drowned the church bell.

After 850 Years

People said that some day this little old church would be drowned, for the sea was stealing nearer, encroaching on the land. But the church defied the sea till it was 850 years old. Then perhaps it could not hold out any longer. In 1798 there came a season of great seas and floods. Landmarks were altered, the line of a county was changed. The old parish church was engulfed, and lay three-quarters of a mile out at sea.

The people waited for the tides to give them back their hallowed walls, but the tides said No. The years went by and the lost church became a legend, a ghost, a story to tell on winter evenings when the wind and the gulls cried round the tower of the new church that had been built. Boatmen stated that on still days they could sometimes hear a bell ringing in the waters, and they declared that it always meant foul weather.

The Lost Church Revealed

The people who had been christened in the buried church grew old and died. Their sons, fifty years ago, had one glimpse of the building, at a very low tide, and they said "How strange to think that our mothers were christened there!" Now those sons have grown old and many of them have died, and their sons and grandsons have lived to see the lost church revealed again.

The drowned church was left bare the other day by an unusually low tide which followed a heavy storm. It could be seen for some hours very plainly from the shore, rather ghostly and frightening, hung with seaweed and covered with shells. Crowds flocked to look at it. Some of them could not help thinking of the Bible and what is to happen when the sea gives up her dead; they thought of the slow march of the centuries, of the vastness of eternity, and all the prayers of good men which had once risen in those drowned walls and seemed now like one tick on the clock of time.

Regained by the Sea

Others laughed and said "What a lark!" and ran down the shore, trying to get across the stretch of wet sand. It would have been a great thing to say *I touched the ghost church walls in 1928*. But Nature guarded that which she had taken long ago. The treacherous soft sand said, Thus far and no farther. The adventurers, feeling powerless and very tiny, went back to the solid ground of the shore; and stone by stone the sea relentlessly lapped over the old church walls again and took her treasure back to herself.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Guatemala . . . Gaw-te-mah-lah
Louisiana . . . Loo-e-ze-ab-nah
Rensselaer . . . Ren-se-ler
Uranus . . . U-ra-nus

MORE CHILDREN OF LIBERTY

Vast Army of Slaves
Set Free

ALL WELL IN SIERRA LEONE

It is easy to say that nowhere in British territory shall man be enslaved by his brother man, but it is not always so easy to translate the wish into fact in places where settled government has yet to be established.

Substantial progress has been made in the final establishment of freedom in the famous Triangle of the Burmese uplands in the fork made by two branches of the Irrawaddy. In last year's cool season some 4000 slaves were released, and their owners received compensation amounting to £20,000. But the work was interrupted when Captain West was ambushed and killed, and the hostile natives had to be punished for the crime.

Equipped With Wireless

The work has been taken up again in the present cool season under the leadership of Mr. Barnard, and it is hoped to arrange for the liberation of the remaining 600 slaves. The present expedition has a wireless equipment, and the natives are to be supplied with tools for making roads.

Moving stories are told of liberated families separated by the cruel bartering of human flesh and blood sanctioned by the old slave customs. In one case it took a month to trace and restore the scattered children of one liberated couple.

The New Year has seen liberation on a much bigger scale than this in the West African Protectorate of Sierra Leone. There over a hundred thousand domestic slaves have been freed by the famous Ordinance to Abolish the Legal Status of Slavery, which was passed unanimously last September by the local legislature and came into effect on New Year's Day.

A Startling Decision

It will be remembered that people everywhere were startled last summer by a decision of the Sierra Leone Appeal Court that a master was entitled to recapture his runaway domestic (as he was called) if he caught him within the Protectorate boundaries, though not if he had reached the neighbouring colony of the same name, whose subjects have always been free.

No one had supposed that such a decision was possible under the series of laws which had been passed to secure the gradual disappearance of the old tribal customs sanctioning slavery. When the flaw was discovered it was promptly remedied, and all is now well.

ONE MAN AND 80 LIONS

A Thrilling Time in Kenya

It is well to preserve wild animals from extinction, but even a game reserve may have too many lions.

That is why Mr. J. A. Hunter was engaged by the Kenya Government to become a hunter of lions in the Masai Reserve on the Tanganyika border. Mr. Hunter has now returned to Nairobi with a record of 80 lions and 10 leopards killed in three months.

The Masai people were called upon to supply 15 men who were not afraid of Masai lions. They came armed with long, broad-bladed spears and large shields, and with these they attacked the lions single-handed.

Mr. Hunter was charged at different times by a rhinoceros, a buffalo, and an elephant, and two of his men had the misfortune to be mauled.

LOST FRIENDS AT THE ZOO

Tragedies of 1927

POOR TEDDY BEARS

1927 was a most successful year for the Zoo from a financial point of view, for over two million people visited the menagerie; but unfortunately the climate has taken a heavy toll among the animal population.

Six months ago the Zoo had four orang-utans, but now, alas, Pongo is the only specimen of this species. While the other orang-utans used to amuse visitors Pongo remained aloof and unfriendly, but now he realises that he is an animal of some importance the little ape is unbending, and the keeper hopes he will become a favourite when he has got used to his new home, and these strange playmates are gradually making friends with their house-mates, two tiny baboons and a monkey.

The Passing of Clarence

Another Zoo tragedy is the death of Clarence, one of the tamest of the four performing chimpanzees. Poor Clarence caught bronchial pneumonia, and, although he was removed to a warm room, wrapped up in a blanket, provided with a bronchitis kettle, and given every possible care, it was impossible to save him. A keeper remained with him night and day, feeding him every two hours and even administering oxygen, but Clarence had no will to live.

As the three other chimpanzees developed slight colds soon after Clarence's death they were sent to the hospital, and in order that they shall not run any risk they are to remain there until the weather becomes more settled. Consequently the chimpanzee tea party is suspended for a time. Later the trainer of these wonderful apes hopes to introduce Bobo, another baby ape, to the party, but he expects to meet with difficulties as Jack, the eldest member of the family, resents the presence of an intruder.

The Little Koalas

Two baby gorillas which arrived at the Zoo found our climate so depressing that they fretted to death, and the koalas (Australian tree bears) could not survive captivity. In spite of the fact that these delightful little Teddy bears were provided with large quantities of their beloved eucalyptus leaves they became miserable soon after their arrival; all they asked was to be petted, and they smelled so strongly of eucalyptus that visitors hesitated to nurse them.

THINGS SAID

The Jews are not hostile to Jesus.

Rabbi Mattuck

We are becoming a nation of potters.

Professor A. A. Bowman

Play in the country but work in the town.

Headmaster of Westminster

The heart of the British Empire beats strong and true.

The King

Betting on greyhound racing is beggar-

ing our homes.

Speaker at a bank meeting

A Scots boy of ten can spell as well

as a London boy of twelve.

Professor McClelland

Never were opportunities of service

so urgent, so varied, as now.

Archbishop of Canterbury

Even the Government in its census

forms returns married women as

unoccupied.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tidswell

Pork butchers must not sell pig's feet

after 8 p.m. unless they warm them

first.

D.O.R.A.

Education tries to do for the individual

in a few years what the race has taken

centuries to learn.

Headmaster of Dulwich College

January 21, 1928

The Children's Newspaper

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EXTRAORDINARY FLOODS IN THE COUNTRY AND THE CAPITAL.



Riding through the floods at Reading



A barrier where the river overflowed near the Houses of Parliament



A boat taking people from a flooded shop at Lea Bridge, Essex



Firemen pumping the water out of houses at Willesden, North London



Wrecked houses in Lambeth after the flood had passed



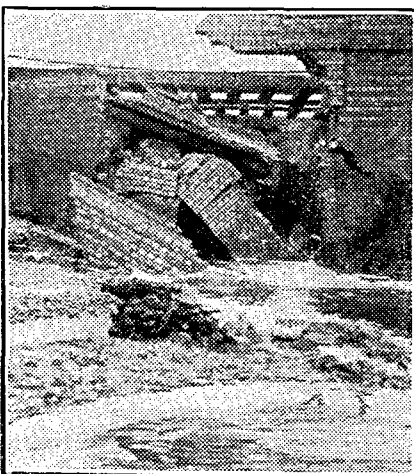
A boat rescuing workers in a street at Rotherhithe, London



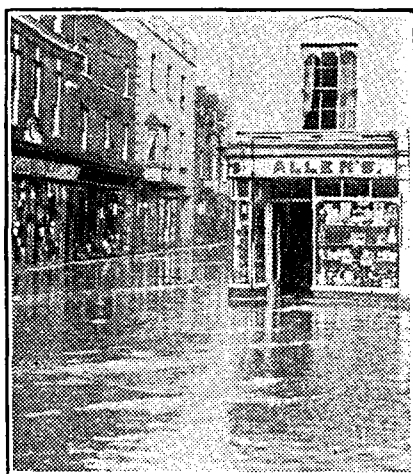
A lamp that remained alight in the flood at Maidstone



The moat of the Tower of London filled for the first time within living memory



A railway bridge washed away at Edmonton



Water in one of the main streets of Guildford



Lady Sykes in her Westminster house



A picture damaged in the Tate Gallery

The opening days of 1928 will live long in the history of the weather. It is a long time since anybody in these islands saw so old-fashioned a Christmas, and the beautiful scenes in the countryside wrapped in snow, sometimes eight or ten feet deep, will not be forgotten. Throughout the country the melting snows have been followed by great floods, and the floods happening to come at the time of very high tides on the Thames with strong winds behind them, the river burst its bounds in the very shadow of the Houses of Parliament. See page 4.

TIDES, WINDS, AND MELTING SNOWS

THREE ELEMENTS IN A GREAT DISASTER

The Mighty Thames Sweeps Into the Streets of London

HEROISM AND TRAGEDY

Floods in the Houses of Parliament! Cascades of water pouring into bedrooms in the middle of the night! Fourteen people drowned in their homes! Art treasures soaked in water!

That is the record of London's great flood, the worst in living memory. The floods in the country have been followed by unparalleled floods in the capital. We are accustomed to see pictures of floods in the Thames Valley, but they seldom affect London; most of London stands too high and the embankments are too strong. But this time floods from the rains and melting snows came down the river at the same time as very high tides came up it with a strong wind piling them higher still. The combination spelled disaster.

The Tower Moat Filled

The worst effects were felt in the low-lying parts of Westminster near the river front, where once was swampy ground above that Thorney Island on which Westminster Abbey was built. The Abbey remained high and dry, but the Palace of Westminster was almost surrounded. The wall broke down in places, the road was cracked, and the wood blocks floated away. Water poured into New Palace Yard through the subways from the Victoria Embankment, and Cromwell's statue became an island peak. The Tower of London was once again, for the first time anybody remembers, surrounded with a moat filled with water.

Breaches in the River Wall

But it was beyond the Houses of Parliament, between Lambeth and Vauxhall Bridges, that the real tragedy occurred. The pressure of the floods made two huge breaches in the solid stone river wall, and the floods poured across the road into the basements of the humble homes lining the road and in the streets behind. Hundreds of people who had been sleeping peacefully in their beds escaped drowning by seconds. Ten were actually drowned here.

In one basement lived four sisters from two to 18 years old. Their father, sleeping above, was awakened by noise outside and heard the girls calling to him to open the door. But the pressure of water was by then so great that the door resisted all their frantic efforts, and across the windows were several stout iron bars. All four girls were drowned.

Heroic Rescues

A policeman and other gallant people were defeated in the same way in their efforts to save a lad of 18 in a basement near by. They had almost wrenched the bars asunder when the boy's cries died away. The waters had overwhelmed him. A young man who arrived home just as the floods were coming ran into his kitchen to get some food, and immediately the floods burst in the windows and held the door fast.

Of course there were wonderful escapes and heroic rescues. There is a wonderful story of a girl in another flooded district, at Putney, who saved two little boys in a flooded cellar yard by swimming with them to a rope of sheets held by neighbours from above. She then swung herself back into a flooded room and rescued their mother.

Hundreds of humble homes were ruined, and the damage to public property was very great. The water rushed into the basement of the Tate Gallery, which stands in the midst of the flooded area. The wall space for the exhibition of pictures has recently been extended by turning basement floors into picture galleries, and besides

HARD TIMES FOR THE BIRDS

Animal Friends in the Snowbound Days

By a Country Correspondent

One of our country readers sends us these notes of her animal friends in the snowbound days of Christmas and the New Year.

Ever since the hard frost came I have been feeding a great company of birds in my garden.

The corner of the path by the front door where I threw the titbits twice a day became very popular. There seemed to be always several birds on sentry-go, bright little eyes peeping at me from hidden branches, for half-a-dozen birds were down at the food before I had closed the door.

Presently I saw that the biggest blackbird was bullying the rest; the sparrows got next to nothing and the baby robins were too frightened to go near. Day after day this happened. One morning I had a bright idea. While the big birds were eating and quarrelling on the front path I opened the scullery window and dropped a few bits outside. The blackbird could not see, but a robin saw, and he called some other small birds, and they had a joyous meal.

An Exchange of Tables

Ever since then I have been careful to spread the nursery table after I had set the big ones at their dinner. Once the blackbird came swaggering round, and the small fry immediately darted round to his table in the front path; and as even a blackbird cannot be in two places at once all my birds are comfortably fed.

Today all the birds knew that heavy snow was coming. They were uneasy, calling to each other. I gave them an extra good supper, and as the first flakes began to fall went round to the stable. A whinny greeted me there, another grace before meat. I left the nice, smelly place with the pleasant sound in my ears of a horse munching his food.

When I came back to the cottage two more hungry persons were waiting—a sheepdog with her head cocked on one side to see me through her eyebrows, her stern quarters wriggling because she has no tail to wag; and a little cat with a very long tail straight up. They stood side by side looking up at me, an absurd pair. The entire cat is about the size of the dog's head. We had our supper together, and they followed me into the sitting-room, the cat and the dog curling up for sleep.

After the Day's Work

I piled more great logs on the hearth and settled down for the evening, and I wondered how the farm boys were getting on with their milking. No one who has not done it can have any idea of the agony of milking in this weather or of what it is to face the cold morning and evening going the round of the shippens and stables. When the last animal is fed, and there is enough water and wood in the house till morning, and the supper is on the table, there is a feeling of satisfaction unknown to those who live in the town. It is our own peculiar grace before meat.

Continued from the previous column

the pictures on the walls there were pictures in other rooms stored in cupboards and packing-cases, among them hundreds of Turner drawings. The invading waters rose quickly to the tops of the door frames, and nothing could be done till they had subsided. The most elaborate care has been bestowed on the drying and cleaning of these damaged treasures, and it is good news that warmth and blotting-paper have restored most of them practically to their old condition.

In another place the floods set fire to a lime kiln, perhaps the most dramatic of all the incidents of this great catastrophe.

Pictures on page 3

THE KINDNESS IN THE WORLD

1200 Dolls For Poor Children

PRETTY THINGS FROM AN ORPHANAGE

A brave old Roman once said that no one is nearer to the gods than the man who is kind.

If Seneca, who faced death so gallantly at the bidding of Nero, could honour kindness so highly we need not be ashamed to honour it and delight in it today.

The great forms of kindness, the famous charities, are well known, but there are small, everyday acts of kindness that are not often heard of.

How much kindness lay behind the 1200 dolls presented to children in London workhouses at Christmas! They had been most beautifully dressed by ladies who undertake this labour of love every year, and one lady actually sent 100 dolls, while several had managed to finish a doll a week all the year round.

Gay Peasant Costumes

The most beautiful dolls were generally thought to be those sent by the Vicomtesse de Panouse, who had given the order to an orphanage in Touraine. She thought the little French orphans would prefer dressing dolls to doing ordinary needlework and that they would like to think the dolls were for little girls like themselves, with no homes. The dolls, dressed in the gay peasant costumes of Brittany, Normandy, and Alsace, evidently gave their dressers almost as much pleasure as they gave their owners.

How different are these days from those of Oliver Twist! Yet still the workhouse needs toys, and it is good to think that a grown-up newspaper like *Truth* should organise this doll-dressing and arrange to give presents to 15,000 children whose only home is a Poor Law institution.

H. M. ROBOT Is He Coming?

Millions of people have been interested in the newest of all the Robots, a mechanical man which can perform a number of acts at the word of command.

The air wave of the spoken word is changed into electric impulses, and as these are interpreted by the mechanism it clicks on an electric light, switches on an electric fan, or puts a vacuum sweeper into operation.

Someone will some day improve on this type of Robot. The mechanism may come for orders overnight, and next day rouse the household, turn on the bath water, light the fire, lay the breakfast table, and receive the butcher with phonographic messages when he calls for orders.

From the February number of *My Magazine*, now ready everywhere.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Every telephone in Australia will be automatic within the next five years.

About ten thousand dogs lost in London every year go back to their owners.

A Skyscraper Census

It has been calculated that 127,000 people enter one of the New York skyscrapers every day.

Kent's New Church

The first of the new Kent mining villages to have a church is Aylesham, where the foundation-stone of the building has just been laid.

The Ticket Litter Nuisance

We are informed that Sheffield, Leicester, and Leeds are among the cities which have set an example to London by fixing boxes on trams for used tickets.

ZOSTERA MARINA HELPING ON A QUIET WORLD

A Valiant Supporter in the Crusade Against Noise

A HIGH ACHIEVEMENT OF A LONELY GROWTH

A valiant supporter has come to the aid of those who are fighting noise, trying to win a little quiet for civilisation.

For centuries a sea grass called *Zostera Marina* has been growing along the coasts of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and now people find that it can be woven into a quilting which insulates sound. Like thatch, it is also a protection against heat in summer and cold in winter, but, unlike thatch, it is not being used for roofs.

The Piano Next Door

The soundproof quilting is being built into walls. No longer will city dwellers suffer from the piano next door or tremble lest baby's cries should bring complaint from the neighbours. It should prove especially a boon to poets, who will now be able to compose verses tranquilly even when a soprano is practising in the flat above and lorries are rattling past outside. One of them ought to write an ode to *Zostera Marina*, the humble vegetable growth which has been waiting for recognition all these years while men were hymning mere useless things like daffodils and roses.

It is modern life, with its flats and skyscrapers, which has made a sound insulator imperative. Long ago men lived crowded together for mutual protection in case of attack by an enemy tribe or wild beasts, but as existence grew safer men chose to have separate houses standing in their own gardens.

Past and Present

Now some of us have gone back to the habits of our savage ancestors and live crowded together, but for different reasons. We must live where work is to be found, and work is no longer to be found on country farms, but in factories and offices and shops. Unlike the old folk of pagan days, our near neighbours may have gramophones, loud-speakers, pianos, or ukuleles, and life at close quarters with others is far worse for us than for them. Luckily *Zostera Marina* solves the difficulty.

There is one other problem it solves. Property near a station or the top of a hilly road sometimes depreciates in value because tenants object to the noise of trains and gear changes as heavy vehicles pass the house. Possibly the quilting could be used as a wall-hanging, and then covered with panelling in an old house.

MRS. TAYLOR OF DOVER And Mary Rogers of the Stella

The stewardess of the steamship *Engadine* who averted a panic during the New Year gale in the Channel, is surely worthy to be ranked with Mary Rogers, the heroine of the *Stella*.

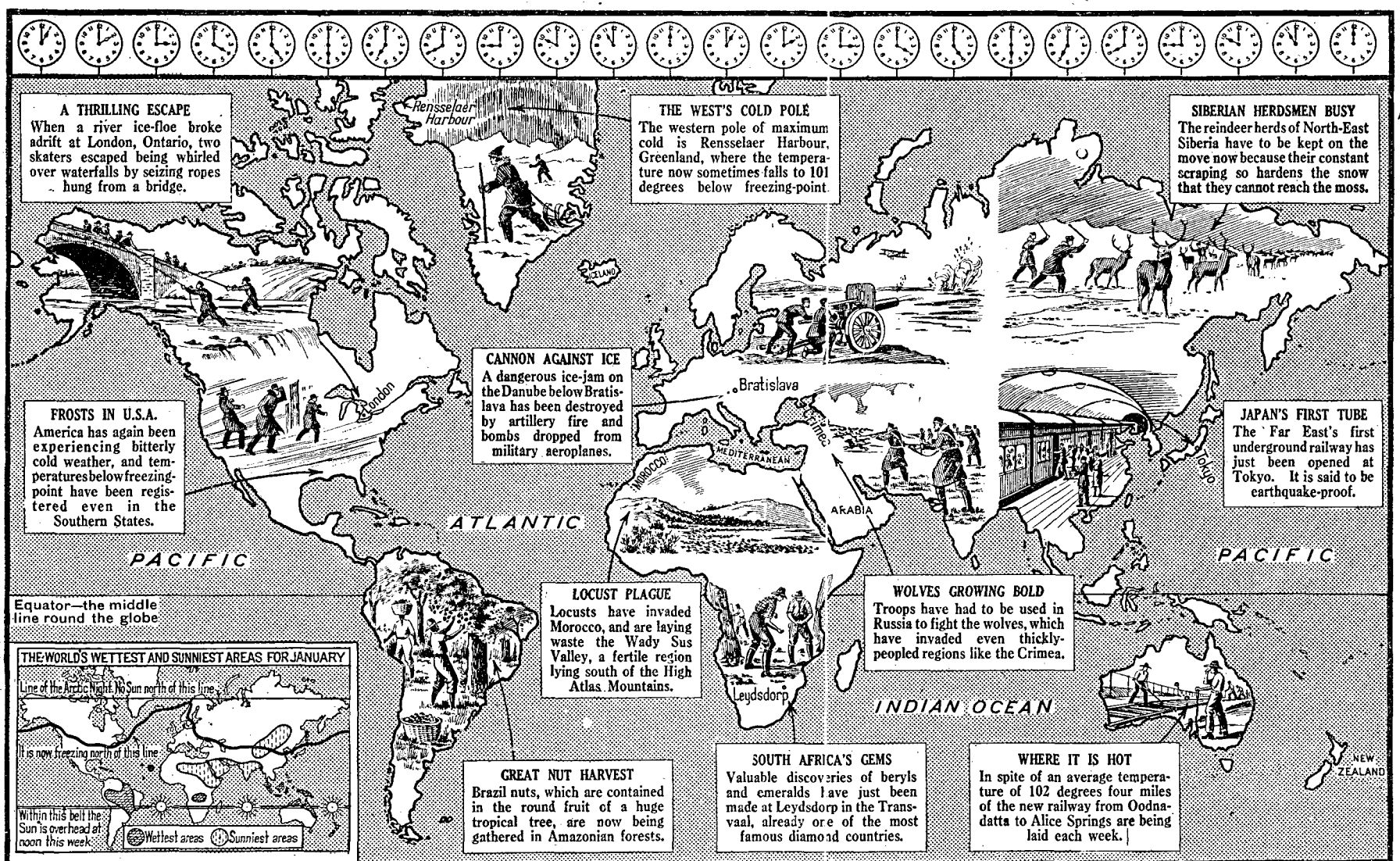
Animated by the same calm spirit, Mrs. Taylor, of Dover, quieted the terrified women and children when the sea broke into the saloon through the shattered bulkhead, and communicated her courage to them as they clung to her.

Had the worst happened one feels quite sure that she would have done as Mary Rogers did. That heroic woman forced her lifebelt on a passenger committed to her charge. She refused to enter the already overloaded boat putting off from the stricken ship.

With no thought of herself and with a farewell to those in the boat, she turned quietly toward death. "Lord, take me," she was heard to say; and they were her last words.

Mrs. Taylor is evidently a woman of the same spirit, possessed of that steadfast love which casteth out fear.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A LITTLE CHURCH AT BRIGHTON The Children's Service

Many of our readers, we are sure, will be glad to hear that a new form of Sunday Services for Children is proving successful in many churches. One place of which we hear good news is the Union Church in Queen's Square, Brighton, associated with Mr. Rhondda Williams.

There a Boys' and Girls' Church has been formed, with its own ministers, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer. The services are held at eleven on Sunday mornings in the Institute Hall.

A full adult service of worship often becomes wearisome to children and has not the joyous tone attuned to the youthful temperament. At Brighton the Children's Church is managed by the children themselves, under the guidance of its ministers. No grown-ups except the ministers are admitted, except very occasionally under special circumstances, and by permission of the Church Council.

The council, numbering seven members, governs the church. It is elected annually, and consists of a capable secretary; a reliable treasurer; a splendid organist (aged twelve); a Scout; a Guide; a representative of the church members who are boarders in a local school; and one other boy or girl.

All church business is discussed and arranged at the council meetings. Nothing is done without the consent of the council, and its suggestions have been found by the ministers to have much practical value.

The motto of the church, For Christ and His Kingdom, is embroidered in gold on a blue banner.

Many London boys and girls visit the church during their summer holidays, and much public interest is taken in the services, at which Arthur Mee's Children's Bible is much used.

AVENUE MARGARITA MEARS An Englishwoman in San Domingo

Anyone might be proud of having a street named after him, but when it is a foreign street the honour is greater still.

This high tribute has been paid to Mrs. Mears, who has done years of work for the sick and poor women in San Domingo, in the West Indies.

Now, San Domingo is an old Spanish Republic, and therefore the people of importance are nearly all Roman Catholics, whereas Mrs. Mears is the wife of a Wesleyan missionary. But these differences have not blinded the authorities to the great services she has rendered.

Two new streets have been built in the sunny town of Puerto Plata, and the Town Council decided to call one after the President of the Republic while the other was named Avenue Margarita Mears.

In days to come English tourists, dazzled by the bright sun, the palms, the Negro women in their gay cotton frocks, the Spanish men with their big hats, and the little donkeys laden with bananas, will assuredly be startled to see that such a romantic street should have an English name. They will ask who Margaret Mears was, and some bright-eyed piccaninny will answer: "She came here long ago, and she healed the sick and fed the hungry and comforted the sad, and so we remember her."

THE RING IN THE CARROT

Sometimes we hear of strange finds in fish, but it was surely an extraordinary piece of luck that came to Madame Rereit, a Frenchwoman, at Ploudalmézeau in Brittany. When preparing vegetables for the soup not long ago Madame Rereit found in a carrot pulled from her own garden her own wedding-ring, which she had lost some time before!

THE OLIVE BRANCH GOES ROUND THE WORLD A German Messenger of Peace

When Lieutenant Kircheiss, formerly of the German Navy, stepped ashore at Cowes in December after a cruise round the world he found himself among English yachtsmen quite willing to wish a plucky sailor a Happy New Year.

When he had set out on an earlier voyage during the war the same seafaring British people had hastened to intern him at the first opportunity.

During the war the lieutenant was on the German raider Seeadler, which was lost in the Pacific Ocean. He was picked up, taken to New Zealand, and interned. He escaped in a motor-boat, was captured again, and interned once more. But he made plenty of friends overseas, and the idea never left him of going back to see them when peace had been proclaimed.

His great idea was to proclaim it himself—to seek peace and to ensue it. Just two years ago, with four young companions, he sailed from Hamburg in a ketch of 69 tons, and on it they have covered 34,000 miles, visiting every country whose ties with Germany were broken or impaired in the years of strife, trying to put things right again.

PRECIOUS WATER

Wonderful Discovery for Aden

The busy port of Aden, into which a thousand ships come every year and where there are more than forty thousand inhabitants, has depended for every drop of drinking-water upon fresh water distilled from the sea. Every Eastern traveller knows the famous water-tanks.

Now comes the wonderful news of the discovery of a well, and 100,000 gallons a day are being pumped from a bore-hole sunk 1600 feet below the surface of the earth. Aden has now enough fresh water for her own needs and for the many vessels which take in supplies from the port.

SIAM'S NEW ELEPHANT The Most Magnificent White Lord

Siam has acquired a new white elephant. He was born up-country about a year ago, and has now been taken in state to the capital and installed in the gorgeous royal pavilion which Siamese custom accords him.

It is, in fact, only by courtesy that he is called white. White elephants are albinos with a pinky-grey skin and pink eyes. This particular one is copper-coloured, but is expected to grow lighter. But by the accident of his skin pigments he is sacred to the Siamese, and greatness has been thrust upon him, infant though he be.

His mother, an ordinary grey elephant, works on a teak estate in the far north of Siam. She has been given leave of absence to attend him while he needs her, but will have to return ultimately to her tree-carrying.

In the old days when a white elephant was found up-country it was floated down in a decorated raft to the gilded splendour of Bangkok, but now the journey is made by rail. Mother and child had a special wagon, comfortably padded and fitted with electric fans and a shower-bath for coolness, with a white monkey and a white crow as travelling companions.

They were met at the station by the King of Siam, three full-grown white elephants, and a band. The new-comer respectfully greeted the senior white elephant by twining trunks with him. Then he walked in procession to his new home, where priests chanted him a soothing lullaby, praising his grace and beauty.

Next day, to the sound of reed pipes, gongs, conch shells, drums, and cymbals, the King anointed him, named him Most Magnificent White Elephant Lord, and gave him pieces of sugar-cane with his name written on them. Then he was dressed in jewelled robes of state and a gold necklace.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 21

1928

The Builders

Opposite Euston Station is one of the finest of all the new buildings in London. It is the G.H.Q. of the Quakers. There the spirit of the Quakers has its home. Here are some of the ways in which this spirit reaches out into the world.

IN a town of France today stands a fine new hospital. It was built at a time when most of the rest of the world was pulling everything down. It was built by those who thought it better to be building up than pulling down. It is saving the children of the men who fell.

In another corner of France are smiling, fertile lands which not many years ago were bleak and bare, strewn with the wreckage of war. Today crops are grown, fruit is gathered, and life is happy again because in that time of desolation those same builders came bringing seed and fruit trees, tools and farm machinery, wood for houses, and, above all, courage and hope.

In Germany, Austria, and Russia are living today hundreds of thousands of people who would have died of hunger and famine had it not been for those brothers and sisters who came to build up their starving bodies with the food they needed. In Poland now are hundreds of healthy human beings who look back to the time, not so very long ago, when death seemed at their very doors. Typhus was raging, carrying off their friends and relations, while they themselves were either cured of it or saved from it by the care and skill of those who had been building up broken homes in France.

In all these parts of Europe Quakers from our own country can say *This is the Port that we built*, but, not being proud people, they do not say that; they just remind us that anybody else could have done the same.

In four parts of Switzerland are villages which today say a hearty "Thank you" to other groups of workers who have come to their aid, asking no more than food and lodging. One village had been battered by an avalanche; another was in daily fear of one because protecting woods had been cut away from the mountain-side. The third region had its waterways blocked by a landslide; and in the fourth the peasants were unable to clear the high pastures overgrown with Alpine roses. In all these places a group of friends has come forward to help.

In every land, and between one land and another, voluntary service is being given year by year by an ever-growing group of men and women. "We will build, but we will not destroy our brothers," they say as they work on. Their service is given freely, joyfully.

It is the House of Peace they build; it is rising everywhere.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Listener's Slippers

WE noticed that a writer in a French newspaper the other day expressed the opinion that the trend of modern life did not lend itself to quiet repose at one's own fireside, and for that reason he could not understand why the demand for slippers had been increasing in a number of countries. What could be the cause of the sudden popularity of the slipper as footwear?

Several experts were consulted, and a curious discovery has been made. Wireless, it is asserted, is the cause of the demand for slippers, for it has been noticed that just as the number of people desiring to own a wireless set increases so the sale of the fireside slipper moves forward.

Cricket

By a C.N. Reader Aged Nine

You can always be a sport, Fat or thin, or tall or short. Help a friend when he's in sorrow, And he'll pay you back tomorrow. Let this motto be your aim: *Lend a hand and Play the game.* Throw the ball straight at the wicket; That is what's called playing cricket.

Don't shout out "Oh, that's not fair!" Never say "Oh, I don't care!" Don't say "She did, so I might," For two wrongs won't make a right. Don't want things that you have not; Be content with what you've got. Throw the ball straight at the wicket; That is what's called playing cricket.

Hope Rossitter

Burning Daylight

WE are delighted to see that Paris is pulling down her electric signs; may London soon copy her! But who does not love our new street signs? We see them everywhere—in shops, on tradesmen's cars, bright letters gleaming as if illumined by some hidden electric glow.

And the glow is electric in a way, for it comes from the Sun. Whenever there is daylight the beams pass through transparent letters on the top of the sign, are reflected by a mirror placed at an angle of 45 degrees, and carry on straight into the eyes of the passer-by. On one we saw the other day appeared the words "The Sun keeps time." Certainly it does. It also keeps up to date. Soon it will be the world's most constant advertiser.

It became an advertiser almost by accident. The man who thought of this ingenious idea hardly knew how to use it. It is said that he offered it for £500 to a man who might make a profit out of it. The man refused it. The inventor took the idea to a second man, with whom it changed hands.

Now half the world is hurrying to put up the new sunlight signs, and the Sun does all the work for nothing. When the Sun retires the advertisements go out.

Our Dear Die-Hards

WHEN all is said and done we are not sure if the telephone is not the greatest miracle of our age. And yet we heard last week of an old lady, in a Tudor house just saved from destruction by a telephone call, who puts up with the telephone as something she cannot get rid of. The telephone brought the fire brigade three miles in eleven minutes and saved her beautiful house, and yet this dear old lady could say the other day. "Wireless? No thanks. I have the telephone to put up with, and that is quite enough."

There will be die-hards, no doubt, to the very end of Time.

Tip-Cat

HATS decorated with artificial fish are now popular. Well, they say there is a place for everything.

MOST men, according to Mr. J. C. Squire, never think again after they have begun to work. How thoughtless of them!

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If leap year will be one long spring

I CANNOT think of any worse music than jazz, says a composer. That is something, at any rate.

SOLDIERS are now permitted to walk out in mufti. They must still, however, carry their arms.

A TOURIST in Wales found a viper on the back seat of his car. That is something. Every taxi has an adder in it.

DEAN INGE says he has had many troubles, most of which never happened. We hope he has been luckier with his pleasures.

The Great Man and the Jack-in-Office

ONLY the Jack-in-Office stands on his dignity; the great man is too great to give himself airs.

A correspondent has been reading a story of the early stages of the Civil War, when Abraham Lincoln went to see General McClellan. The General was a Jack-in-Office, and was conceited enough to feel the head of the Army of the Potomac was more important than the President of the United States. In order to show this he kept Lincoln waiting for an hour, and then sent word that he could not see him.

Most men would have lost their tempers at such impudence, but Lincoln kept his. To him the welfare of the country was more important than his own dignity, and when he repeated the story he added:

"Never mind; I will hold McClellan's horse if he will bring us victory."

The Little Garden on the Hill

By One Who Passes By

IN a beautiful town in the West of England, among stately grey stone houses and spacious old-world squares, stand two cottages, high up on a hill. They are said to have been built by a lady of a bygone day for two maids to whom she was attached.

One of these cottages, with a triangular-shaped garden, is inhabited now by an Irish lady who has what the Irish people call "green thumbs." Everything that she plants in her little garden plot flourishes.

Her garden is a great joy to her, and to all who pass by; it may be said to be a delight to the whole town. People climb the hill on Saturday afternoons to gaze at it.

An Australian's Impressions

One woman who was passing by stopped and looked up.

"What a great pleasure this lovely little garden must be to you," she said to the lady of the cottage; "but, oh, not such a pleasure even to you as it is to us. We all look forward to seeing it as we go by to our work. It seems to give us heart for the day."

A visitor from far-away Australia sent his impressions of the old grey town to the local newspaper before he left it, and what lingered most in his memory was not the spires of the fine old abbey against the sky or the majestic crescents of grey stone for which Bath is famous. What gave him most pleasure to remember was the glorious plane tree in one of the quiet squares and the little garden of the lady with the "green thumbs."

A Prayer for Rulers of Cities

O Lord God our Father, guide, we beseech Thee, those who bear authority in our towns and cities, that there may be noble streets and open ways therein and all the skill and beauty of art and craft may be drawn into the service of the common people for Thy glory and the delight of men.

Give them inspiration and courage, O Lord, to sweep away all mean streets and unworthy habitations, that men and women may be finely bred and taught and trained and that Thy Kingdom may come on Earth.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THIS will be the first year in which no moneylender's circulars will come through the post.

AMERICA proposes that France should join with her to submit to all nations a treaty against war.

AN unknown lady has visited several hospitals and left cash-boxes containing gold varying from £90 to £840.

A RICH man's house has been brought to light in the excavations at Herculaneum.

THE movement against greyhound racing tracks grows fast; Sheffield and Swansea have asked the Government to stop the betting on them.

WHY ARE THE MORNINGS SO DARK?

THE DAYS AFTER THE SHORTEST

The Little Loss and the Little Gain, and What They Mean

SOLAR DAYS

We all know and understand how as winter follows autumn the days become shorter and shorter until on December 21 we have what, from the daylight point of view, is the shortest day of the year.

After that date the days grow longer. (At least, that is what we are told in the almanacs.) But the matter seems very mysterious, for we find, if we are observant, that, so far from its being light earlier in the morning as soon as December 21 has passed, it really seems to get light much later.

Is this actually the case, and, if so, why is it? No question is asked of the Editor more often than this one, and the matter is interesting enough to receive a detailed answer.

Stardials and Sundials

As all boys and girls know, day and night are caused by the Earth turning on its axis, so that the Sun seems to come up in the East, pass across the sky, and sink down in the West. Similarly at night the stars appear to move across the heavens; and if their light were strong enough to cast a shadow we could tell the time by stardials as we can by sundials in the daytime.

Some of the stars never set in England, and when one of these is watched it is found to describe a complete circle in the sky in 23 hours 56 minutes 4 seconds, which is called by astronomers a sidereal, or star, day. That period is really the exact time the Earth takes to make one complete turn on its axis.

Star Days and Solar Days

Now, the Sun is a much more conspicuous object than any star, and men have for countless centuries reckoned time by him. The Sun, however, takes considerably more than 23 hours 56 minutes 4 seconds to complete his apparent journey from noon to noon, and the difference between a star day, which is always the same, and a Sun day is found to vary at different times of the year.

The length of the Sun day is not always the same, and this is due to the fact that the Earth in travelling round the Sun changes its speed at different seasons, just as a motorist changes his gear from time to time.

The Sun is not in the true centre of the Earth's orbit. As a matter of fact, it is nearer the Earth in winter than in summer, though we feel colder in winter because the Earth, being tilted, receives the Sun's hot rays less directly, or, in other words, they strike us more slantingly and so have less power.

The Earth and the Sun

When the Earth is nearer the Sun it is attracted by it more strongly and begins to move more quickly, with the result that the length of the days varies. For convenience sake in reckoning time by the clocks, which must, of course, be the same all the year round, the differences in the lengths of the solar days are averaged throughout the year, and this average difference, which is found to be 236 seconds, is added to the sidereal, or star, day, making an average solar day of exactly 24 hours, which is the civil day of our daily lives.

If a star and the Sun could be observed on the meridian at the same moment the next day the star would be on the meridian nearly four seconds earlier than the Sun. The reason for this lagging behind of the Sun is that the stars are so far away that the Earth's journey through space makes no appar-

PETROL THAT WILL NOT BURN

FIREPROOF petrol sounds almost too good to be true, for it would mean an end to the greatest danger of aerial traffic.

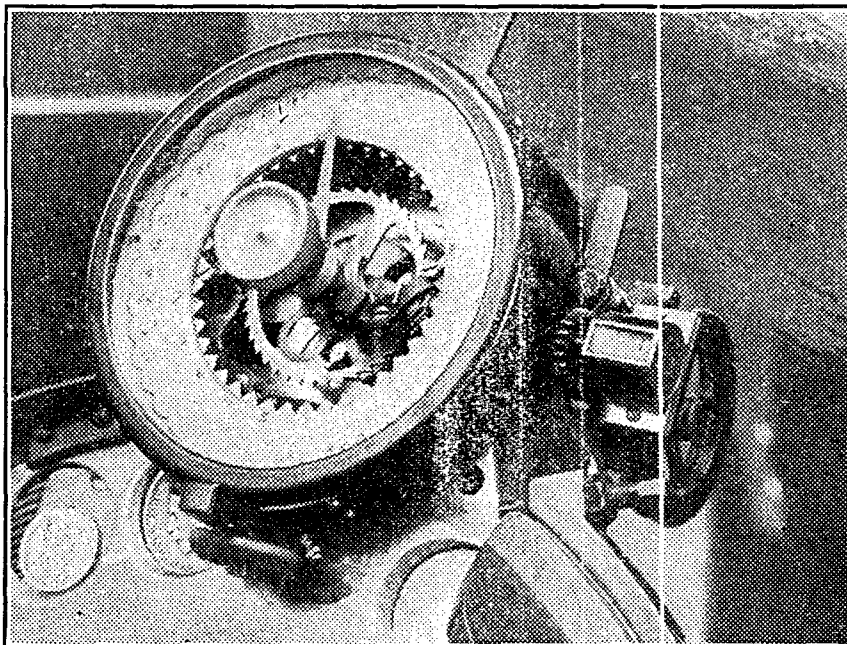
Recent tests with the wonderful invention of Monsieur Ferrier, a French Government official, seem to show that the miracle has been achieved, and that we have at last a fuel for aeroplanes and motor-cars which will explode in the cylinders of an engine when mixed with air but will not catch fire even when a naked flame is applied to it.

The petrol has been tested in a series of long flights made by the chief pilot of the French Air Union, and has stood

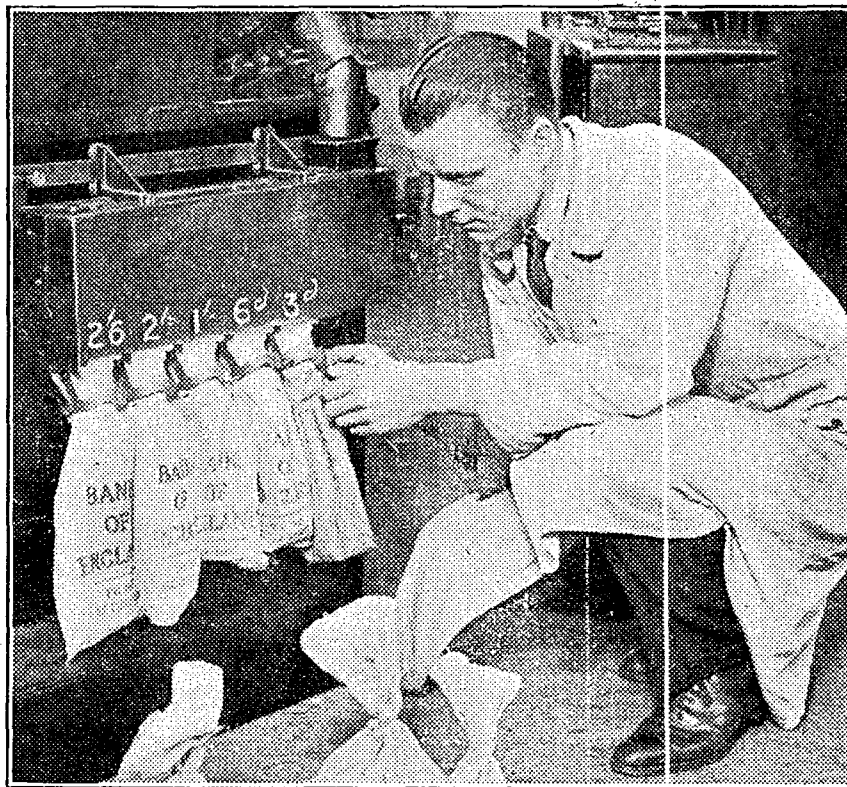
the test with perfect success. The petrol that will not burn is, indeed, to be used on the French Company's London-to-Paris air services from next month, and the Air Ministry is taking immediate steps to test it thoroughly for our flying-machines in England.

A benzene for cleaning clothes which is not inflammable has become very generally used in place of the dangerously inflammable ordinary benzene, but the fireproof petrol of M. Ferrier will be a vastly greater wonder still, and there is no doubt that it will make a tremendous difference to aviation.

COUNTING THE MONEY AT THE BANK



The dial of the counting machine



Bags being filled with coins from the machine

Hundreds of thousands of pounds, consisting of all sorts of silver coins, have to be counted at the Bank of England, and to do this quickly and accurately thirty wonderful machines are used. Here we see how the coins enter the machine on an endless band, and after being automatically counted and sorted are packed in bags.

ent difference in their positions, whereas the Sun's position is affected considerably because of his comparative nearness.

The difference in the actual lengths of the solar days causes noon to shift with respect to the Sun, and as in our latitude the gain in the forenoon (resulting from the earlier rising of the Sun) is less than the loss from the shifting of the solar time of noon the forenoons get shorter just after the

shortest day has passed, though the actual time between sunrise and sunset is increasing.

The result is that for a few weeks we get darker mornings but lighter evenings. It is interesting to note that, counting from the time the Sun is on the meridian to the next time he appears there, December 21, though the shortest day from the point of view of daylight, is really almost the longest day of the year.

NEW LAWS TO OBEY

SOME VERY WELCOME REFORMS

Films, Auctions, Moneylenders, and Nursing-Homes

A FEW NUISANCES GONE

The usual crop of new laws comes into effect at various dates in the coming year, the fruits of last year's rather long and dull session of Parliament.

Perhaps the change of widest interest is that which requires kinemas for the next ten years to exhibit a steadily-increasing proportion of British films. All films must be registered as either British or foreign. The Act defines British films as films produced by British persons and British companies, at least 75 per cent of the wages and salaries being paid to persons living in the Empire. The proportion begins at 5 per cent next October and rises to 20 per cent. There is a clause forbidding blind bookings, which means promises to show films without having seen them.

Lighting of Motor-Vehicles

Then there is the Road Transport Lighting Act, which makes one set of rules for the whole country for the lighting of road vehicles at night and supersedes all local laws and by-laws on the question. From one hour after sunset to one hour before sunrise during Summer Time, and from half an hour after sunset to half an hour before sunrise the rest of the year, all motor-vehicles must show two white lights to the front and one red light to the rear. Motor-cycles must have one white light and one red; motor-cycle combinations two white lights and one red. Ordinary bicycles must have either a red light or a red reflector to the rear besides the white light to the front. There are regulations also for horse-drawn vehicles. Everybody will be glad that the dark cycle danger is over at last.

Trade Unions and Politics

From the beginning of this year it will be necessary for all members of trade unions who wish to contribute to the political activities of their unions to make a written declaration to that effect. This is one of the provisions of the Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Act passed last spring. Hitherto the law has assumed such a desire in every trade unionist unless he made a written declaration that he did not want to contribute. This was called contracting-out, and the new law is called contracting-in.

The Unemployment Insurance Act rearranges unemployment benefits, reducing those of single men and young people and increasing those of family men, and improves the provision for training unemployed young persons.

The Moneylenders Act forbids moneylenders to send out circulars unasked, restricts their advertising activities, and limits the interest they may charge to 48 per cent a year, while giving magistrates power to reduce the rates below that figure in particular cases. Every moneylender must obtain a certificate of character from the local bench.

Landlord and Tenant

The Auctions Act makes it an offence to offer any inducement to people not to bid at auctions.

The Landlord and Tenant Act deals with the injustice by which a tenant of business premises loses all improvements and the goodwill he has built up on the expiration of his lease. He is either to have a new lease on reasonable terms or compensation for being turned out.

The Audit Act has been passed to deal with the scandal of extravagant grants by Poor Law guardians and others. It provides that any member of a local governing body whom a district auditor has surcharged more than £500 shall be disqualified from service for five years.

Finally Acts have been passed requiring the registration and inspection of nursing-homes, a reform long overdue.

TOO PROUD TO PAY? THE MILLIONS AMERICA OWES US

States That Refuse to Pay Back Money Lent to Them A REMARKABLE STORY

America is rich beyond her dreams. No nation has ever been so crammed with treasure, as Mr. Coolidge has been reminding us.

It seems to be a fitting moment, therefore, to remind our American friends (always scrupulous for the honourable paying of debts) of a debt that remains unpaid. If our rich daughter Columbia will look across the water to her old Motherland, struggling hard to pay her way, she will perhaps feel a little remorse to think of the millions she borrowed from her long ago and has never paid back. It is a curious story, and America's honour is greatly involved in it.

America's Debt of Honour

We are paying America 33 million pounds a year toward a debt it will take two generations to redeem. There are American State debts to Britons which if they were paid would cancel something like two years of this payment. Yet they have not been paid, and the American States have declared that they will never pay them.

What has the American Government to say about it? So far it has said nothing. We must believe, however, that when public opinion in America understands the position it will compel its Government to take action.

What are these debts? They represent money borrowed by eight States of the American Union between two and three generations ago amounting to 14 million pounds, which, with the interest promised but unpaid, now amounts to 63 millions. The States are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and North and South Carolina. It is not a question of mere failure to pay; the debts have been definitely and formally repudiated by the State Governments concerned, a step which, it is stated, has never been taken by any other country in the world except Russia.

The Debt Acknowledged

It sounds on the face of it as if these States cannot really have owed the money; as if there must have been some kind of misunderstanding somewhere; but that is not so. The certificates given to the bondholders are perfectly clear and definite. The debt is acknowledged and the promise of repayment given, with the signatures of Governors and State Treasurers and the State Seals affixed. To all this has been added such phrases as *The faith, credit, and funds of the State are hereby solemnly pledged for the punctual payment of the interest and the redemption of the principal.*

What, then, can be the reason for this repudiation? The reasons given are of a character which only tends to aggravate the offence.

An Untrue Suggestion

It has been suggested that the money was raised to carry on the struggle against the Federal Government during the Civil War. That is not true. It was raised, before or after the war, for establishing banks and railways and similar peaceable purposes.

It has been suggested that the work for which the money was borrowed was imposed by the Federal Authorities, and that the debt is their concern and not the concern of the individual States which signed the bonds. But that is of no interest to the bondholders.

It has been suggested that the debts were contracted in a manner contrary to the constitution of the States contracting them. That, again, is not the

THE MAN WHO MIGHT BE KING

The Temptation of Alan Gerbault

THE FIRECREST IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS

Alan Gerbault in his little ship Firecrest disappears and reappears on the oceans of the world like a sea-bird that dives and then comes up again when one is just beginning to wonder what has become of it.

Durban, in Natal, has lately welcomed this lonely circumnavigator of the globe. He had been last heard of at the French Isle of Réunion, and when he sailed, single-handed as usual, into Durban it was not till the expectant townsmen had become nervous about the delay in his arrival.

All Sorts of Odd Tales

At Réunion, where he had landed after an alarmingly long interval after leaving the port of the pearling fleet, Thursday Island, off North Queensland, all sorts of odd tales were told of him.

It was said that while he was sailing among the summer seas of the Pacific he landed at one friendly isle, fringed with reef and palm, where the islanders were more than amicable. They enthusiastically asked this rover of the Seven Seas to stay with them and be their king. Alan Gerbault, so it was freely said, looked kindly on the offer, and even thought that when his roving were over he might obtain the consent of the French Government for his return to the island and his assumption of the island's crown.

The Call of the Sea

But, like all good Frenchmen, he could not give up the hope of seeing La Belle France once more. He must go back and bid good-bye to his friends; then, perhaps, he would sail back again in another Firecrest.

He may sail back; he will not say. He may change his mind; but it is hard for those who have followed the magical call of the sea not to feel its restlessness stirring their blood. It would never do for a sea rover like M. Gerbault to tie himself even as a monarch of an isle of the Indian Ocean. Some day he would steal forth from the royal hut—and next morning his subjects would see nothing of the man who might be king but the sail of his boat against the rising Sun.

Continued from the previous column

affair of the bondholders. They have the signatures and the State Seals, and even if it could be shown that these are not debts by law they would remain debts of honour.

Finally it is suggested that the money was placed in investments which did not pay, and even that officials appropriated the money. Those are dishonourable and dishonouring pleas, and it is impossible to believe that they will be seriously maintained; they have nothing to do with the case.

For her own credit, whether through the State Governments or through the Federal Government, America is bound in honour to pay. She forbids the Spanish-American Republics to shelter themselves behind her against their European creditors. She refuses to have anything to do with Russia because Russia has repudiated her debts. Her constitution forbids any of her member States to go back on a contracted obligation, and also prohibits an individual from bringing an action against a State except with the State's consent. That is why the defrauded British bondholders last year sent a letter to the Senators and Congressmen of the United States asking them to see justice done. We cannot believe the appeal will go unheard, but so far no satisfaction has come from the rich and proud Republic.

WHY DOES A BOY DESTROY THINGS?

One of our country readers who applauds the efforts of the C.N. to lead young and old to appreciate the loveliness of birds and flowers and strengthen the sympathy that protects them in their natural surroundings sends us some discouraging accounts of depredations by boys on birds' nests and flowers.

She says that far too often parents are ready to pass over such destruction with the excuse "Boys will be boys" if the property they destroy is not theirs.

Why (she asks) should people spoil God's lovely handiwork? Why should Beauty be overshadowed by Destructiveness? Is it not strange? Why can we not enjoy to the full beauty that belongs to others but is open for us all to see?

The Cultivated Spirit

The reply to all this is that many of these enjoyments only come to the cultivated spirit, and many boys have not a cultivated spirit. Some seem to inherit it; but the average boy has to be led to see forms of beauty clear to the cultivated mind. These things are plain to many girls and some boys.

Other boys seem to be much nearer than we could wish to the instincts of the very primitive man who lived by violence. Nearly all of them grow out of it. They soon see that it is a very feeble thing to kill small creatures and destroy beautiful flowers. Girls, as a rule, have more pity. Many boys need telling what is mean. We do our best to tell them. Every school should tell them.

Lord Grey's Memories

In his lovely new book on birds, just published by Hodder & Stoughton, Lord Grey, a great lover of birds, makes this confession:

"My earliest recollection of being called to notice the song of birds is as follows. It was a fine, warm day late in May or early in June, for the trees were in leaf. The air was resounding with the singing of birds. My father was sitting with windows wide open at the writing-table in the library; he called me to him and said, 'Do you hear all those little birds singing?' 'Yes,' I said. 'You wouldn't like to kill them, would you?' he asked; and I, somewhat reluctantly, said 'No,' because I knew this to be the answer expected of me. But the propensity to sport had shown itself in me already by my constant efforts to hit birds with a bow and arrow, a pursuit that had not been forbidden because it was at my age so futile; but perhaps it was this that prompted my father's question."

When the Evil Comes

So even Lord Grey in the freedom of childhood needed a cautionary word. The writer of this paragraph (not the Editor of the C.N., for he, one is sure, never threw a stone at a living creature) remembers well how he practised throwing stones at birds without a challenging thought till he hit one. It was a chaffinch. And there it lay—dead. So full of life once; now a poor dragged thing, so terribly dead. The writer forgets whether he cried, but certainly he felt like crying; and he never threw a stone at a bird again. But since then he has not felt harshly toward boys who have given way to that inborn instinct to throw without thought. The evil comes when they throw after thinking, and after seeing the harm done.

What is needed is that boys should be thoughtfully shown what it is they are doing with their exuberant energy.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 29	Southampton 3.42 ins.
Total rainfall 3.70 ins.	Aberdeen . . 2.44 ins.
Wet days . . . 13	Gorleston . . 2.20 ins.
Dry days . . . 18	Dublin . . . 2.12 ins.
Coldest days 18th, 20th	Liverpool . . 1.22 ins.
Warmest 6th, 22nd	Stornoway . . 1.18 ins.

A NEW SORT OF BRICK

One Way to the Cheap House

GETTING RID OF UGLY HEAPS

Cheap houses are demanded on every side, and at last someone has thought of a way of making them.

Bricks could be manufactured very cheaply, says Principal A. P. Laurie of the Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh, if use were made of the ugly shale heaps lying outside oil works.

This is not altogether a discovery, for the Romans made a wonderful cement out of lime and volcanic ash, and burned shale would be rather like it.

Berlin is built chiefly of bricks made of lime and sand, but a better brick still could be produced by adding burned shale or volcanic ash to the lime. Therefore it may be said that the brick suggested by Principal Laurie has already stood the test of time, and the only new thing about his proposal is that we should turn ugly dump heaps into beautiful homes. The C.N. is very grateful to him for that suggestion.

The Department of Building Research reports favourably on Principal Laurie's scheme, and it seems to bring us one step nearer to the cheap house.

FRANCE'S GOOD DEED

Saving the Gazelle

The French Government has done well to forbid the killing of gazelles in Algeria and the French Sahara.

These tiny members of the antelope family have always been famous for their gracefulness and their large, dark eyes, and many an Eastern poet has written of them, while their gentleness has several times induced Arab maidens to tame them as pets. But none of these things moved Dame Fashion to pity. One season she decided that women should wear coats made of gazelle skin, and then the slaughter began. So great has it been that the gazelles would have been wiped out altogether if the Governor of Algeria had not issued an edict forbidding the hunting of gazelles.

It is good to know that the gazelles are saved, and it is curious to think that women should have been the cause of this suffering. Women are generally fonder of animals than men, if we may judge by the affection they show for dogs and cats, yet they insist on wearing furs and plumage which involve an immense amount of pain, sometimes amounting to torture.

THE CONQUEROR'S SEAL

A New London Treasure

By a strange coincidence the closing days of William the Conqueror's ninth century saw a most interesting discovery connected with him. The Records Clerk of the Corporation of London has found the long-lost seal the Conqueror affixed to the first Charter granted to the City of London.

No one ever thought the seal would be found, and the possession of the precious parchment was enough for most people. But it was not enough for Mr. Thomas, the Records Clerk, and he patiently searched among musty collections of odds and ends until he discovered a little red bag filled with fragments of wax. We can imagine the excitement with which he pieced those bits together, with the help of British Museum experts. Lo! it was undoubtedly the long-lost seal of the Conqueror, set on a charter given to the little Saxon town of London centuries ago.

The seal is of white wax and gives a clear impression. On the one side is the Conqueror seated on a throne; on the other he is galloping into battle.

THE BOTANIST IN THE JUNGLE

FIGHTING AND FERNS

Climbing Up a Ladder to a King's House

TALE OF A PYTHON

Shots rang out—there was a clatter of steel, a shrieking of savage war cries, and shouts of pain.

Out of the jungle at length, the battle over, came a party of Sarawak police, leading as prisoners a dozen head-hunters and leaving several dead behind them. The leader of the party was an Englishman, and one of his pockets was overflowing with ferns!

In the heat of an engagement with savages he had caught sight of two ferns which he thought belonged to a rare species, and had stuffed them into a pocket. Later he sent them to Kew, and the authorities told him that he had discovered two new varieties.

Who was the man whose passion for botany did not desert him even in warfare? It is pleasant to record that he was an Englishman, Dr. Charles Hose, and that he has had honours showered upon him by Japan, France, Holland, and Germany.

Dr. Hose's Bravest Deed

Dr. Hose entered the service of the Rajah of Sarawak in 1884, and acted for 23 years as judge, map-maker, botanist, student of epidemics, and discoverer of petroleum fields. The museums and universities of Great Britain have been enriched by him, but the best thing he ever did was to stop and collect ferns in the midst of a battle.

It was not his bravest deed, however. There was a pagan chieftain who resisted the order forbidding head-hunting and threatened to kill any European who ventured on his domain. Messengers were useless, and so were requests for a parley. So Dr. Hose decided to stake his life on the old traditions of hospitality. Entering the jungle in secret, he managed to climb the rattan ladder to the chief's house without being seen. The house was empty, but by-and-by a slave entered. Hose said calmly: "Tell the king I should like to speak with him."

The Pigs and the Python

The king came, startled into admiration. They talked together, and Dr. Hose persuaded him to forbid head-hunting among his tribesmen.

If Dr. Hose had been seen before he was under the savage's roof-tree he would have been killed at once.

Many interesting tales are there in Dr. Hose's new book on Fifty Years of Romance and Research. Not least memorable is a story about a fight between pigs and a python. Dr. Hose's brother was attracted to the scene by furious grunts and squeals, and found that a python had seized a young pig, but that a number of wild swine were attacking the serpent with tusks and hoofs. So violent was their attack that they forced the python to release its victim, which trotted off with the rest of the herd into the jungle. The python was too mangled to crawl away.

THE GARDENER AND HIS COLLARS

In Switzerland they are using a disc-shaped collar for gardening; it is placed about the seed or the plant to attract and retain the heat of the Sun, acting as a sort of miniature hot-house.

With a hole in the middle, the disc is shaped so as to bring water toward the centre, so that the plant gets additional benefit when it rains, and evaporation is reduced because of the covering. The disc also prevents weeds from choking the tender growth. Tomato plants like this collar; and have shown that they do by growing almost double their usual size when they have been wearing it.

THE SAFETY BOOK

How to Take Care of Your Life

All over the world men are thinking out some way of making streets safe for the people to whom they belong. Street casualties are becoming more terrible year by year.

We welcome, therefore, the little book just issued by the Institute of Accident Prevention—a book much less forbidding than its clumsy name. It is called *The Science and Art of Accident Prevention*, and is sent post free for 6d. from 62, Grove Avenue, London, W.7.

The book is intended to help boys and girls to be careful of themselves and their playmates, and it tells them of the things they should be careful about.

It gives one big rule for everybody to remember. The A B C of safety is *always be careful*.

A Saying in America

Among other things this means to respect the rights of others, and not to make it impossible for them to save us from accident. Drivers of vehicles in congested streets cannot help hitting us, be they ever so careful, if we thoughtlessly step off the kerb or dash into the road without looking.

A saying they have in America is:

"A short cut across the railroad tracks at the wrong time means a short cut to the graveyard. Keep away from the railroad tracks. Trains travel faster than you can."

There are many little rules of safety that we can all try to keep. Here are some of them.

Never let your playmates tempt you into doing anything involving danger. Do not, for instance, attempt to follow a good swimmer into deep water at any time unless you also are a good swimmer, and then only if you have an older person with you.

Never go swimming immediately after eating a hearty meal; wait two or three hours.

Some Nevers to Remember

Never build fires at any place where they may spread to other places, and always put out your camp fire before leaving it. Even a poker left in the fire while no one is in the room is not safe; it may slip on to the hearthrug.

Never point a gun or a pistol, loaded or unloaded, at anybody.

Never run with a pencil or pen in your hands or your mouth, and never hold a pen or pencil close to anybody's face. A point of the lead breaking off under the skin can do a great deal of mischief. That is why it is not safe for a boy to carry a lead pencil in his breast-pocket with the sharpened end uppermost.

Never carry pins or coins in your mouth; you may swallow them.

Never touch wires that may be dangling from a roof or a pole; they may be charged with electricity.

We may owe our lives one day to keeping one of these rules, or to one of the many other hints given us in this bright little Safety Book.

THE CAT IN THE KENNET

And How It Came Out

Again we must say what a kind world it is!

At Reading the other day a cat fell into the River Kennet and tried to swim ashore, but as the river has a steep wall on either side she was unable to get out. For a short while a little crowd watched the poor animal's efforts to climb the slippery wall, but it was evident that her strength would soon be exhausted.

Then one of the onlookers ran off and came back with a rope. Slipping a noose under his armpits and giving the end to the crowd, he lowered himself into the icy water, spoiled his suit, and saved the cat!

GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR

Did Bob Remember?

A Lancashire reader sends us a case of apparent association of ideas in a dog.

Bob (he says) is a fox terrier, and in his home there lived also Granddad, an old gentleman whose lower limbs were paralysed and who had to be wheeled out in a bath-chair. Bob always took part in these excursions.

Frequently during damp weather Granddad on his return home was rubbed down with methylated spirit. Then he was lifted into a certain chair close to the fire and wrapped in a large woolly shawl kept for that purpose.

Some months ago Granddad died, after taking a severe chill, and Bob has never been quite the same since. Ten days ago he narrowly escaped being run over, and his front leg was badly sprained near the shoulder. He was brought in, and the injured leg, having been well cleaned, was rubbed with methylated spirit to ease the pain.

Bob looked very sorry for himself. Also he remembered the smell of methylated spirit, as his actions afterwards showed. He whined and struggled toward a corner where was the old woolly shawl which Granddad used to wear. This he picked up, and then made as if to return to the fire. He was placed on the hearthrug, but, contrary to a rule which he had never broken, he tried to get into Granddad's chair. And there he was permitted to remain, wrapped in the shawl.

Does it not seem there was a chain of associated ideas in that doggie mind—injury, methylated spirit, the shawl, the chair?

THE GOLDEN AGE

A Discovery in Guatemala

There has been discovered in Guatemala a Maya sarcophagus of solid gold.

The precious tomb was found in some mines, and within it were two perfectly-preserved mummies.

It must be remembered that gold was once used very prodigally in Central America. The mountains of Peru teemed with it, and instead of being made into coins it was used to deck the palaces of the Incas. Cups, platters, statuettes, and baths were made of gold, and the mummies of dead Incas were ranged round a great hall in the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, each mummy seated in a golden chair.

There was no money, so there was gold and to spare for ornaments. Even kitchen utensils in the Incas' palaces were made of gold, and most wonderful of all were the gold and silver flowers. They were life-size and lifelike, and were planted in the earth, so that it seemed as if Midas with his magic touch had transformed the flower-bed into gold.

A YEAR ON OUR RAILWAYS

The Train With Wireless On Board

More than as far as to the Sun and back to Earth three times a year—587,500,000 miles! That is the mileage covered every year by British railways.

They are the fastest in the world, yet they are not so fast as they were. In 1904 a train actually developed a speed of over 102 miles an hour, but now designers care less for speed records and more for the comfort and safety of passengers.

The most luxurious train on Earth is not British, as Mr. John Hind confesses in his *Book of the Railway*. It runs between Berlin and Hamburg, and carries a wireless installation which makes it possible for passengers to carry on telephone conversations with distant friends or business firms. If trains do not get faster they certainly get more wonderful as time goes by.

JUPITER AND URANUS

TWO GREAT PLANETS APPEAR CLOSE TOGETHER

The Wonderful World That Turned Over

TRAVELLING EIGHT MILES A SECOND

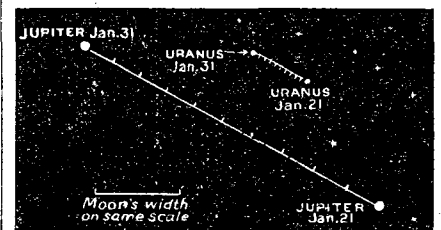
By the C.N. Astronomer

The great planets Jupiter and Uranus now appear very close together, and on Monday, when at their nearest, they will be only the apparent width of the Moon apart.

If looked for now, while the Moon is not much in evidence, Uranus may possibly be glimpsed with the unaided eye on any clear, dark night; he will be above Jupiter and shining like a very faint star. Field-glasses will make Uranus easily visible.

This is an exceptionally good opportunity for finding Uranus, and not for some thirteen years will Jupiter appear near Uranus again.

Jupiter's much greater speed (about eight miles a second, compared with the $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles a second of Uranus) carries him



The paths of Jupiter and Uranus

onward toward the East very rapidly; so Jupiter will appear to complete the circuit of the heavens and be back to where he is now in 11 years 11 months.

Meanwhile Uranus will have travelled over only about a seventh of his immense orbit, which takes him eighty-four years to cover.

So just now it is possible for astronomers to see through very powerful telescopes twelve or thirteen moons all at once. These comprise the four moons of Uranus (Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, and Oberon) and nine of Jupiter's; but four of these are so exceedingly small and faint that they will not be very obvious even in the most powerful instruments.

A curious contrast between these two families of satellites is that, while the four great moons of Jupiter are nearly always seen either to the right or left of the planet, those of Uranus are usually either above or below his disc.

This is due to the fact that whereas Jupiter's moons revolve, as our Moon does, from West to East, and very nearly parallel with Jupiter's own orbit, those of Uranus revolve in orbits which are almost perpendicular to the orbit of Uranus.

Uranus and His Moons

Actually what has happened is that, for some unknown reason, the great world of Uranus was turned right over to an angle of nearly 98 degrees, and the orbits of his moons also. It is as if our world were pulled over by some terrific force until its North Pole was placed eight degrees below where its Equator is now and the Moon and her orbit were turned over likewise. In this case the Earth's North and South Poles would alternately come under the Sun, while the Equator would extend almost exactly North and South.

What caused this state of things is a complete mystery. If it was gravitational or tidal pull, from where did it come? It is possible that long ages ago (perhaps thousands of millions of years), when the Solar System was in an early stage of its existence and Uranus and his moons were all one whirling gaseous and fiery mass, some great sun may have passed near enough to Uranus to exert a terrific tidal pull, sufficient to turn over the great rotating mass that long after was to become Uranus and his moons. G. F. M.

ST. PALFRY'S CROSS

The Tale of a
Lost Inheritance

By
Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

Torferry is startled by the strange appearance of a man who passes through the village playing a drum.

David Keddie, on his way home from school, feels that the stranger is trying to attract his attention. But he forgets the drummer at the news he finds awaiting him: instead of the fortune he expected, his Aunt Deborah tells him his father has left him nothing.

While she is telling her story a message is slipped under the door, bidding David to a secret meeting on the sands. David goes, and is given some papers in his dead father's handwriting. Later he receives a warning that he is in great danger.

CHAPTER 5 In the Night

AUNT DEBORAH broke the silence. "H'm," she said scornfully; "in great danger, are we? Fiddlesticks! Shut down the window!" "Auntie, that would be the drummer," breathed David.

"Ay; and why didn't he come to the door like a good Christian man? Though no doubt," she added thoughtfully, "he had his reasons."

"Auntie, what had we better do with the writing?"

"The writing? The paper? I'll take care of it, David. Now, where is St. Palfry's Cross? Will you tell me that, please?"

David shrugged his shoulders. "How can I?" he answered.

"And that," she said grimly; "is all they teach you at school. Fetch me my gazetteer. There, lad, on the bookcase!"

So David mounted a chair in front of the tall, glass-doored bookcase which almost reached to the ceiling of their little room. And from the top of the case he drew six large books, each with its binding jacketed in spotless linen. For the old lady set great store on these handsome volumes.

"Now!" she muttered briskly, and turned up S. Then discarded the volume and turned up P in another. "It will be among the Cs," she said, wiping her glasses. "One always happens to look in the wrong place first, David."

"Yes," said David, struggling with his impatience.

But now the old lady's face fell. Her fine books had betrayed her. She could not find any mention at all of the cross.

Then, "Who was St. Palfry?" she rapped.

"I don't know," said David.

She brightened again. "We shall find him in the Church Calendar," and going to the drawer for her books of devotion she found what she was looking for and brought it out. "Now we'll soon unearth your St. Palfry," said she, her fingers tracing day after day down the months. She could find no St. Palfry.

"But if he has a cross—" muttered David.

Then Aunt Deborah grew quite irreverent. "Bother the man! He must have a cross," she said testily. "There's a railway guide in the chiffonier. Fetch me that."

The railway guide showed St. Agnes, St. Albans, St. Andrews—a number of saints, but never St. Palfry.

"I'll find it if I drop," said Aunt Deborah more fiercely.

David nodded. "Yes, but how can we find it?" he said.

"That," she replied, "I must sleep on. And I'm sure it's high time. Put those books away and get off to bed."

He was half way through the door when she called him back, to warn him to tell nobody what had occurred. And then she did something which took his breath away. For, ejaculating "Danger! What

stuff and nonsense!" the old lady went to the fireplace and, reaching, removed from its rests a pistol of ancient design and drew from its hiding-place a powder horn as out of date as the pistol. A matchbox next, in which lay some leaden pellets. And to a running mutter of "Danger! What nonsense!" she proceeded to prime and load her remarkable weapon.

"There!" she finished. "I shall take it upstairs with me, David."

He gaped. "I'll see to the doors again," and went off.

She called her good-night after him, and he climbed to his room, where he fell asleep directly his head touched the pillow.

And remembered nothing until he awoke with a start as the cottage rang with sound from ground floor to roof. Racing out of his room to the little landing, he found himself in a cloud of thick, reeking smoke, through which he could dimly discern a white figure.

"What is it?" he cried.

The shadowy figure resolved itself into Aunt Deborah, waving not unproudly her still-smoking weapon. "It went off!" she pronounced with profound satisfaction. Then she stated how she had heard a strange noise below, so had come on the landing and fired her pistol down the staircase.

"Oh," cried David, "I thought the house had blown up!"

The front door banged as he spoke. "There they go!" Aunt Deborah said cheerfully. "You wait here a minute while I fetch a shawl, and then we'd better investigate what they've been up to."

Downstairs they found a scene of appalling confusion. The sitting-room had been ransacked from end to end; every drawer burst open, the books on the floor, the shelves of the bookcase gaping, and papers strewn everywhere. The drawing-room and kitchen had fared no better. Even the pots and pans had been tossed from their places.

Then David's heart stood still.

"The writing?" he gasped.

"They'd have had to get under my pillow for that," smiled Aunt Deborah, as with a grim face she began to set things to rights.

Next morning they had scarcely sat down to breakfast when the gate clicked, a measured tread crunched the path, and there presented himself a rubicund person who stood for a moment solemnly touching his forehead. He looked, David thought, a little afraid of Aunt Deborah. It was Mr. Polwhever, the constable.

She flashed at him, "Well, and what is it?"

"Miss Primrose, ma'am," he responded, clearing his throat. "I hear your house was broken into last night."

"Ah!" said the old lady sharply.

"And how did you hear that?"

He hesitated. "It's our business to hear things," he muttered.

"Well, when I want you I'll send for you," she remarked, smiling.

This puzzled David at first until he saw through it. Aunt Deborah did not wish to call in the police for fear she might have to disclose what the burglars had come for.

Mr. Polwhever appeared reluctant to go. He knuckled again, with an air of accepting dismissal; but then uttered with a jerk: "So you've lost nothin', ma'am?"

"Nothing!" echoed Aunt Deborah, stirring her coffee.

"Well, there's some unchancy people about," he said gruffly.

"An", by the same token, Lawyer Roach wants a word wi' young Master David."

CHAPTER 6 Lawyer Roach

AUNT DEBORAH had insisted on going as well, and they found the lawyer awaiting them in his room in the little office behind the churchyard, the quiet office approached

by a flight of stone steps hollowed out by the feet of generations of clients. For Lawyer Roach's father had been here before him, and his father's father; and back before that.

Roach bowed to Miss Primrose and favoured her with his sleek smile. He had left his bed early, to judge by the state of his desk, on which already a litter of papers was spread. The fireless grate behind him, the chill of the room, the absence of any comfort in its appointments, all testified to the bodily hardness and vigour of this man who knew so many secrets and told none.

He scrutinised David, mustering him with his eyes. They were very round, full eyes, but curiously lifeless; misleadingly lifeless, for how much was there escaped them? And having summed David up and taken this stock of him he nodded, but the nod was meant for himself; and without preamble demanded: "What do you know of this drummer man? What have you to do with him, Keddie?"

A little cough came from Aunt Deborah. Roach pursed his thin lips and glanced at her.

David, mindful of his pact with his aunt, stirred uncomfortably and parried. "What drummer?" he said.

Roach rose and stood by the grate, his hands at his back, his head a bit forward, looking down at his boots. His spruce figure was clad in the riding-breeches and gaiters without which he was rarely seen in Torferry.

Raising his gaze very slowly to David's face, he said: "You were seen last night on the sands with that beggarman."

David looked him full in the face. "I believe I wasn't the only person," he rejoined, "who saw the drummer last night on the sands, Mr. Roach."

"Never mind what you believe, I ask what you know of him? What is his name?"

"I don't know his name," said David, shaking his head.

"And that's all you wish to tell me?"

David glanced at Aunt Deborah. She answered: "That's all."

Lawyer Roach moved to the table and pressed a bell. A clerk appeared.

"Mr. Carthew come yet?" Roach inquired.

"Just this minute, sir."

"Ask him to be good enough to step in."

Mr. Carthew! A magistrate! What did this mean? Whatever did the lawyer want with a magistrate? David started. But Aunt Deborah sat up more grimly.

"Now," said Roach, as the white-haired old gentleman entered, with a friendly smile for each of the three, "now, David Keddie, do you listen to me. This beggarman whom you have been meeting

is a very dangerous character." Roach's tone grew more smooth. "He is wanted by the police all over the country. You stare! I am scarcely surprised. Of course you did not know this?"

Aunt Deborah folded her arms on her breast. "Well?" she uttered. "This criminal is trying to slip out of the country by making his way to the coast in the rôle of a drummer, begging as he goes. And we've got to lay hands on him."

"Ah!" said Aunt Deborah, with a sound like a sniff.

Roach disregarded her. He swung round on David.

"So, Keddie," he said, "as you have been seen with the fellow, and as you flatly refuse to tell me his name—"

"But you'll know his name," said Aunt Deborah, "if the police want him!"

"Not so fast. He goes under several," laughed Roach. But David fancied the laugh did not ring very true. "I asked you to tell me all you knew of him, Keddie. You declined to tell me. Very well. Then you'll tell Mr. Carthew."

"Any threat wrapped up in that?" said Aunt Deborah.

The old gentleman, who had been listening without a word, turned to her and said quickly:

"No, no, of course not. But your nephew mustn't get in the way of the law. Mr. Roach has given me certain facts which indicate that David knows this man's whereabouts. So I ask him to tell me all he knows. That is all."

Aunt Deborah said sharply: "My house was broken into in the middle of the night."

It sounded just as if she charged Mr. Carthew, poor man, with breaking into her house in the middle of the night. For she shot it out with such a snap of the lips and so straight at him that he scarcely knew where to look.

"My dear lady!" he articulated feebly at last.

"And you a magistrate!" Miss Primrose added.

"Dear, dear!" quailed the old gentleman. "I'm very sorry." He seemed as frightened of Aunt Deborah as Polwhever had been.

She pursued her advantage relentlessly. "I wonder," she said, "that you sit here and allow such things, Mr. Carthew."

"But, madam," he protested, gathering some dignity, "surely that outrage has convinced you how essential it is that David should tell us all he knows of the rascal."

"Which rascal?" snapped the old lady.

"The rascal who burgled your house. For it must have been that beggarman."

"And that," she answered slowly, "is just what I'm wondering. Lawyer Roach, what do you think?"

"Oh, come," Mr. Carthew exclaimed, "we're away from our point. It was undoubtedly the drummer who tried to rob you. Our point is: What can David tell us about him? Where is he hiding? We must lay our hands on the fellow."

"But, Mr. Carthew, what would you say he came after?" Aunt Deborah insisted, with one eye fast upon Roach.

"Oh, your silver," the old gentleman replied amiably.

"And what would a man who's running from the police do with my old silver teapot and spoons?"

"Come, come! We're not judges of silver," smiled Mr. Carthew.

"No," said Aunt Deborah. "No, I daresay you're not. There will be plenty of other things our friend Roach can judge better. Documents will be more in your line, Mr. Roach."

The lawyer had not spoken for several minutes. He had been standing with legs apart, looking down at his toecaps, as though contemplating their polish.

Nor did he utter a word when Aunt Deborah finished. Nor raise his head. He might have been contemplating his boots still. But his eyes had lifted. And he was looking at her under his eyebrows.

TO BE CONTINUED

Tales Before Bedtime

Puss! Puss!

DICK and Dolly had looked forward to the pantomime for weeks. Ever since Christmas they had been saving up their pocket-money, for pennies weren't very plentiful at home. And now they were making their way toward the theatre on the very last day of Puss-in-Boots.

They were crossing the road when they heard a cry.

"Oh, look!" cried Dolly; "it's a dear little kitten! And it's got its paw fixed in a horrid tin can. What shall we do?"

There was only one thing to do, of course, as Dick knew quite well. "We must take it to Mr. Bates, the chemist," said Dick.

"Poor little thing!" said Mr. Bates, when he saw it. "And it's a well-nourished puss too. Belongs to someone who is good to it, I can see." His eye fell on a label round the cat's neck. "Why, here is the name and address: Miss Foster, 21, Dean Street. You had better take it back."

"Dick!" whispered Dolly, as they went out. "If we take the puss back we shall miss Puss-in-Boots." "Can't be helped," said Dick. And off they went.

They found the house; and the door was opened by Miss Foster's landlady.

"Miss Foster will be pleased to get her pet back," she said. "She's been worrying about it all day. Then she listened to the children's tale."

"Brought it back instead of going to the play! Well, that's splendid of you! I'll tell Miss Foster that!"

She smiled at them all down the street as she stood at the door with the cat in her arms.

But that wasn't the end, for that evening, as they were



"Look!" cried Dolly

sitting down to tea, a car came to the door, and out of it stepped Miss Foster herself.

"I'm so glad to have my pussy back," she said. "I am the fairy in the pantomime, and my landlady has told me what you did. I think it was fine of you! I have brought you tickets for a box at the theatre tonight, and I want you to come."

Of course they went—and Mother as well. And what a lot of clapping sounded from the stage-box that night!

THE TOWER'S OLD STORY

Who does not thrill at the very mention of the Tower of London? It tells the longest tale of the nation's growth, linking, as it does, our day with that of William the Conqueror. During all those 850 years it has never gone out of business; it has endured through the passing centuries and has watched London grow into the greatest city the world has known. In My Magazine for February, now on sale everywhere, is a splendid article telling of the wonders of this Tower by the Thames. Here are the titles of one or two other articles which appear in this issue of the best of all the monthlies.

The Dramatic Last Hour of Edith Cavell

And What Happened In It

Some Beautiful Things

A Gallery of Lovely Pictures, Printed in Colours

H. M. Robot

Is He Coming?

The Age of Noise

A Plague of Civilisation

There are articles on many other subjects that really matter, besides stories, poems, puzzles, and hosts of pictures, many of them printed in photograph. My Magazine is the best shillingworth in the bookstalls. Make sure of your copy by buying it now.

Ask for MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 21, 1928

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

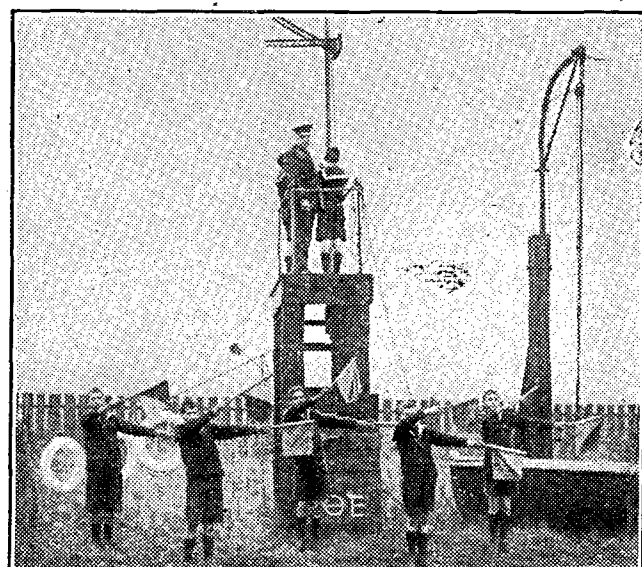
LONDON'S WHALES · SWANS AT BREAKFAST · MOTOR RACING ON A ROOF



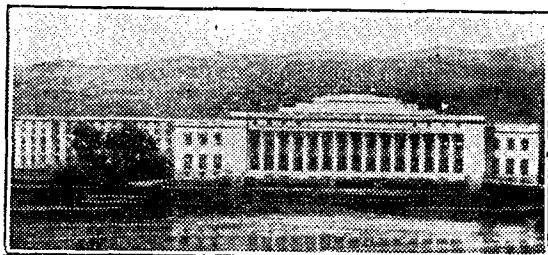
Winter Sports Above the Clouds—Every year the popularity of winter sports in Switzerland increases as people discover what an enjoyable and healthy holiday can be spent in the snow and sunshine on the roof of Europe. Here we see two ski-jumpers practising at St. Moritz.



The Old Lady's Statue—Every Sunday on her way to church in a village of Brittany an old lady looks up at this granite statue of herself on a war memorial. See page one



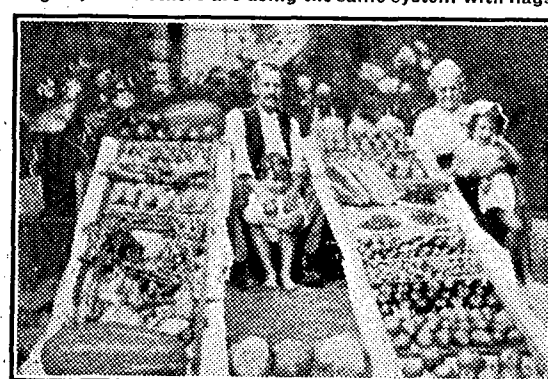
Sailors in the Making—At the Wellesley Nautical School at Blythe a large number of boys are now being trained in seamanship. Some of them are shown in this picture learning to work a mechanical semaphore signal, while others are using the same system with flags.



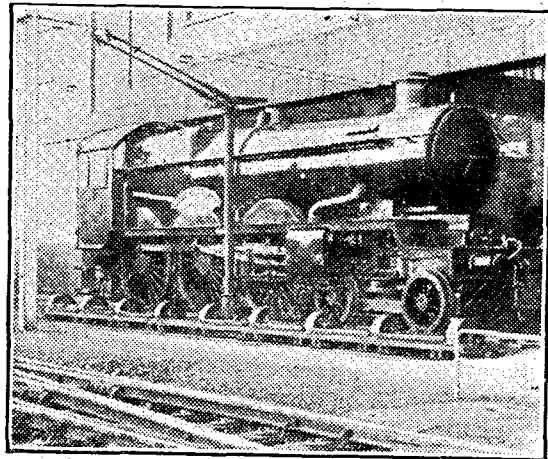
The New Palace of Peace—This picture shows the plan selected for the new home of the League of Nations on Lake Geneva. The architects of the winning design are M. Nenot of Paris and M. Flegenhelm of Geneva.



Chinese Telephone Exchange—The two telephone operators in this picture are a mother and her daughter who are employed in the exchange which serves the Chinese population in San Francisco.



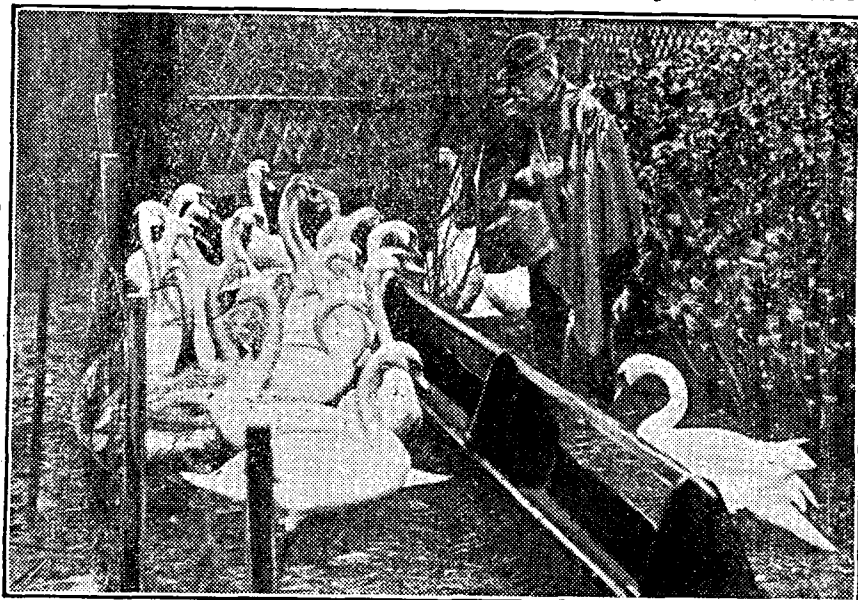
Six Little Years—Six years ago two C.N. readers in Hampshire went out into the Empire to seek a happier life. Today they are in Tasmania, with two new readers of the C.N. and a garden filled with good things such as these.



An Engine Takes a Ride—Here we see how locomotives are moved about in some railway works. A section of track on small wheels moves sideways by electric power.



A Queer Sight—The skulls of the 120 whales washed ashore in Scotland, have arrived in London, and are here seen in the garden of the Natural History Museum.



The Swans Come to Breakfast—Owing to the Thames being in flood many swans are being cared for in a garden at Shepperton. Here we see some of them having their breakfast.



Motor Races on a Roof—A motor factory at Turin, Italy, has a long, wide track round the roof where cars are tested and races are held. The cars reach the track by spiral road.

SAVING MANKIND FROM THE SWORD—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY

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